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NOVEMBER, 1947

The Liberalist

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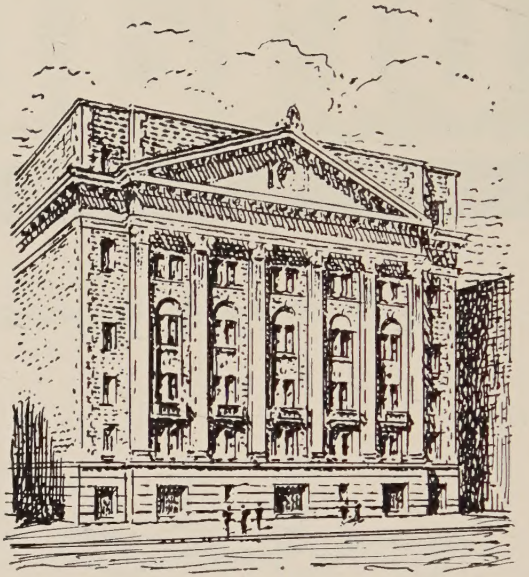
OUR PRAYER

Thou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more—a grateful heart;
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,
As if thy blessings had spare days;
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

George Herbert



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXIV **November, 1947** *Number 8*

Life Is Deep

Life is deep if man will peer
Under its surface of clay,
And life is large will he but look
Beyond the clouds of day . . .
Life is wide as the eye can see
And as grand as the mind can will,
Like the fertile spot we only find
By looking behind the hill . . .
Life is little only to those
Who are tiny within themselves,
Who never have read a flower's heart
Or a book within their shelves . . .
Life is small as any one thought
Or as limitless as the sky,
And into our being God has placed
The soul to measure it by!

Frank H. Keith

(From "Quiet Chords")

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DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

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November 5—"INSIDE U. S. A."—John Gunther
November 12—"END OF A BERLIN DIARY"—William L. Shirer
November 19—"THE ART OF WORLDLY WISDOM"—Otto Eisenschiml
November 26—"PETTICOAT SURGEON"—Bertha Van Hoosen

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence at Sheridan

* * *

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WJJD—Every Sunday morning—11:00 to 12:30

"LEARNING THE HARD WAY"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
September 28, 1947

I AM afraid that learning the hard way is a way that is very familiar to all of us. There is hardly a day of our lives that we do not say about someone, "Well, they had to learn it the hard way" and so the saying is often on our lips.

The first time I ever heard the phrase was a long, long time ago, but I remember it. I was a very little boy and out in our back yard in a little village over in Michigan, where I was born and lived, there was a sort of weed patch. It was not used in any way and it had an accumulation of old bottles and old barrels and old things of all kinds such as one frequently finds in the back yards in a little village and it was a place "out of bounds" for me. Any military man knows what that means. It is a place where you are not supposed to be; but it happens that the perversity of human nature is such that it is the one place where you always want to go. My father and mother said: "Don't you ever go into that old patch out there; keep out of it." That, of course, immediately created in my mind a very great desire to find out what there was out there that I should keep away from. In the summertime I always went barefooted; I do sometimes yet in the summer; I just love to. One of the reasons I loved the summertime was because I could go barefooted, for after summer was over I had to put on shoes, and so I do still—we are such slaves to custom. That is where women have so much more sense than men. We men are just tyrannized by custom. We haven't changed the custom of these contemptible vests, or these collars and neckties in years. Women have continually changed things down through the years. If you don't believe it, look at their hats! We men have not the courage! Well, I took off my shoes and stockings the first spring day and did not put them on again until after the first frost, and even after that. One afternoon when my mother was away and no one was around, I thought it a wonderful opportunity for me to make a little investigation all my own about this place in the back yard where I was not supposed to go. The weeds were very high, a little forest of them, and I wanted to know what was in that forest, so I slipped out there, brushed aside the weeds and got in and started looking around. Then I stubbed my toe—that is what a lot of people are doing with life, they are where they ought not to be and they stub their toes. I stubbed my toe and fell. There was one of these glass quart fruit jars that was broken and the jagged edges stood up and I fell right across them, and just below my left knee I got a very severe cut. The blood started flowing and I started screaming, and right next door was a dear old neighbor lady who was with my mother when I was born, and she took a great interest in me, and she heard me scream. She ran out of her kitchen door, grabbed me and took me in the house and got the old family doctor up there. In the meantime my mother found out about it and she came, and I can easily recall all the confusion about it. The doctor took several stitches, and I still have the scar. I have paid for it ever since, with a condition that at times is very serious and treacherous. I remember the first reaction of my mother after the

excitement died down and she was quite certain that I was going to live. While there is an element of danger their anger subsides, but when it is over and you are all right, then they start all over again to be angry. When my mother found out that I was all right, she looked at me and said: "My boy, I told you not to go in there, to keep out of that patch; I warned you, but, my boy, you had to learn the hard way." That has sort of lingered with me ever since. When I look about me, as I meet the tragedies, sorrows, difficulties and troubles which people have, and the illnesses with which they are afflicted, and their lives begin to get all confused, broken, twisted and distorted, I sometimes think of that experience of the little boy who went into a forbidden patch and had to learn the hard, hard way.

I wonder if there is a simple, quiet lesson in that for us this morning? Now, of course, there is not a single individual in this fine congregation this morning but who has had trouble. If you have not had any trouble I feel sorry for you. I would warrant that if there is one individual in this Church this morning, who after the service is over could come to me and say: "Doctor Bradley, I have never had any trouble in my life," that person would be one of two things. I hate to say it, but they would either be lying—and it is a serious thing to accuse another of lying . . . . I remember one time in a lecture I gave during the war, I called Hitler a liar, and a dear old lady said to me after the lecture, "O, Doctor Bradley, you never should have called him a liar. Why, don't you know that the Bible says 'He that calleth his brother a liar is in danger of hell fire and damnation'?" "Well," I said, "but Hitler is no brother of mine." So that individual would either be telling a lie, or else he or she would be just a lifeless, colorless bit of mush. I would like to see a person who has never had any trouble for only one reason; I think they would convince me they were not worth meeting. So, we have all had trouble; you have not missed it, and I have not missed it. No, indeed; we have had it.

Doctor McCracken is a young man who went last year to one of the most influential pulpits of the nation, the great Riverside Church of New York City, and who succeeded Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick in that pulpit and he said something in a recent address that I thought was rather unique, and from his point of view and the point of view of the Church, is an interpretation of where Jesus stands on this question of learning the hard way. Now we know that the early followers of Christ, those who came under the influence and radiance of his personality in those early formative years, had such an exalted conception of his character, mentality and origin that they gave Him every name that could possibly be spoken to indicate his greatness and his divinity, and what is still more, his deity. I wish people, in thinking of Christ, would be grounded in the science of semantics, the science of using the right word, and there is only one word, not several. In a true sense there are no synonyms, there is only one word that we can choose that will convey exactly what we mean, not one of half a dozen words. I could give you examples of probably a half dozen words where you would say, "Why, they mean the same thing!" They do not; there is a shade of meaning, a fine distillation of meaning that each word has, and you indicate your ability to project your thought by your ability to choose the right word. Now, while the science of semantics was never known at the time the Master lived and taught, nevertheless the principle of semantics was in existence and he was

able, through obedience to the principle, to always use the only word that would incorporate and convey and project the thought which was in his mind. That is the answer to the unimpeachable rectitude by which the ethics taught by Christ have lived for all the centuries. That is his uniqueness, unlike any other preacher, any other philosopher, any other teacher, all of whom were guilty of more or less obscurity and fogginess of thinking, but not Christ. When he touched a human problem, or touched a condition, you can go through the entire life, all we have available of this great Teacher and Healer, and you will find that he always was able to touch the nerve center of a situation. He went right straight to the critical thing; he did not spend any time on the surface, or by excursions away from the central objective, it was always DEFINITE. We know that those early people associated with him had such a profound regard for the qualities which he possessed, that have never been possessed by another, that they gave him all kinds of appellations and names: King, Saviour, Lord, Father, every name they could possibly conceive which they thought would be descriptive of these qualities, and yet they were truly conscious of his humanity, that he had a body, that he had to be fed, that he became hungry and thirsty, and tired, and stained with toil, and weary; at the same time that they gave him all this godlikeness they appreciated his humanity as well. Here is where people are confused about the divinity and the deity of Jesus. There is a difference between divinity and deity. When you say, "I believe in the divinity of Jesus," you are not saying "I believe in the deity of Jesus."

I don't want to get into that, I only suggest it to you because I know if you would give it some consideration, those who have confusion about it would find the confusion eliminated. And in the Book of Hebrews you will find this sentence: "Although he was a son, he learned obedience through suffering." To many people it is rather difficult for them to imagine Jesus learning anything. They work on the assumption that from the beginning there was nothing for him to learn. That he, being what he was, was not amenable to the same experiences of humanity. That, to me, has always robbed Jesus of a certain element of greatness. If he could not sin, then a temptation to sin would be meaningless. If a man is incapable of sinning and cannot sin, what would the temptation to sin mean to him? Nothing! Not one thing. And it seems to me just here there is a certain greatness of Christ, that frequently is lost. He learned, what? He learned not the meaning of life, he did not have to. He had sufficiently evolved in his own spiritual evolution so that the proximity to the divine reality of that which is God was so close that he could say: "I and my Father are one." That is the result of learning and not the result of a gift. That came at the end of his ministry and not at the beginning. Christ never said: "I and my Father are one" when he was working in his father's carpentershop; he had to wait, and he did wait, until he was buffeted and beaten by the storms and the sufferings of life; then it was that the revelation of the unity with his Father came to him and he was able to say what you can say, what I can say, if only we learn from life sufficiently in the meeting of every trouble, every problem, every difficulty, every sorrow, every pain, until we build a personality so close to the divine personality of the ultimate reality—"I and my Father are one." That is not impossible, it is very improbable, and there are very few spirits

in the world who have ever achieved it, but there were those who were at unity with God to the extent that they transcended every experience of life into a realm of purification and sublimation which lifted them — they learned the hard, hard way.

Now, the Master had to go through all that, when we think of his humanity. You know, he was the oldest of seven children. There were five brothers and two sisters in that household. They are all frequently neglected and forgotten, but they were there, and when that little family of seven children lost their father, Joseph, Jesus became the head of that little family and he went to work making doors and window sashes, perhaps helped building frames of houses in the neighborhood. He was learning life through experience and every step of the way of his life, straight through until the final graduation—I think often of the crucifixion of Christ as a graduation—straight through from the very beginning, the poverty, the hatred—you know he was a Galilean and no one else in Palestine would have anything to do with a Galilean. Jesus started his whole career under a handicap; he belonged to a sect in his own country that was despised and hated, he was in the lowest stratum of the social atmosphere of Palestine, and he was poor, another thing which is a disciplinarian to learning. Now, he took all this discipline until it reached its final climax in the crucifixion—straight through. While he was a son, he learned obedience through suffering.

Now, I cannot explain evil. I have spent a lifetime studying the philosophy of every school and group that I could find; I have found no mind yet, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, among the ancients; Santayana, Whitehead, Emerson, among the moderns; I have not found anyone who has an explanation of evil, of why good people have to suffer, and above all why innocent people have to suffer, which seems to me to be the most cruel injustice of all. That is a type of suffering that I cannot understand; why good people should suffer; and I am seeing it every day of my life, people who personally made no contribution to the situation. They are pure and simple victims of a situation, broken-hearted; they are listening to me right now, who never made one single contribution to their own sorrow, and yet they are suffering. I have no answer to that problem. My little mind with its limitations, and there are many, cannot answer that problem, but I have learned, and I think this is the value of the whole idea, I have learned that there is a certain disciplining and a refining beauty that we can take from these experiences which are inexplicable to us, and transform them into personal development and strength. Not to run away from trouble, nor yet to run toward trouble, but to use trouble, and most of us are unable to use trouble. We are demoralized, we suffer, we become hysterical, angry, we practice vengeance and say, "I will get even with them for doing that to me!" Your attitude toward trouble is everything else except using it, and I think the secret of the Master's strength, the secret of his vitality—he could have lived thirty-five or forty years more than he did—he was brutally murdered thirty-five or forty years ahead of his time; he was taken out of the world at thirty-three—and the secret of the beauty and the power that he had, capturing the imagination and hearts of the sin-sick and the tired and worried, and the ill of the world, was to be found in the fact that he knew how to learn the hard way. He never saw a broken life, from that woman taken in adultery to the one who want-

ed to bathe his feet with her tears, that he did not learn something of value. He never saw a hungry person that he did not want to feed, nor a naked person that he did not want to clothe. If there is one thing which determines the godlikeness of Christ, it is his compassion and his understanding. That's why people can approach the spirit of Christ with the certainty that we do not have to make explanations to Him. There is one personality to whom you do not have to explain your trouble, or any problem that you have in your mind or heart; you don't have to make any explanations whatever, none, for the range of his own experience in every solitary area of his own problems was such that he could go right to the key, right directly to the spot and touch it with healing and beauty.

I have always thought it was rather significant that never once in the Bible anywhere, or from anybody talking about Jesus, have we ever heard that he smiled; we have no evidence that he ever laughed. I think he did, and I base that conclusion upon a sentence in the Book which says: "Other things which he did and said are not recorded in this book." I don't think it is all there by any means. I think Jesus did smile, and I think he was capable of good, hearty laughter.

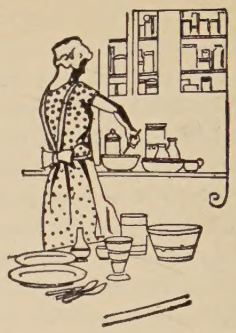
Kahlil Gibran, who wrote "The Prophet" said a very beautiful thing once: "We easily forget the people with whom we have laughed; we never forget the people with whom we have wept." That's the secret and that's the answer.

You know there is a minister in this town, I am not going to tell you his name, but there is a minister in this town who has a very peculiar idea of things sometimes, and there is also a certain man in this town who has a great deal of money, more than any one man ever ought to have; and so this preacher goes to him occasionally and says: "I want $50.00."

And this preacher will go down to the slums of this city where the children are very poor, and frequently hungry, with no place to play except on the city streets, and he will round up a lot of those youngsters and take them to a picture show. Don't get alarmed, the preacher always selects a good picture; he takes that into consideration. After the Saturday matinee is over he will round up the youngsters again and take them to a restaurant and he will fill them up with food, all they want, and a little dessert afterwards too, and pay all the bills out of this rich man's $50.00. One day one of these little boys in this restaurant, so the preacher says, who had eaten a good meal, was encouraged to have a little more. "O, gee, mister," he said, "I just can't eat any more. I can still chew but I can't swaller." You know there are a lot of people in this experience of life who are good at chewing, and they can argue and discuss and quarrel, but they have got to the point where they cannot swallow. Then one day after one of these afternoons with the poor, a little fellow stood off to one side when it was all over and he couldn't hardly move he was so content, and the preacher went over to him and said, "Well, my boy, what's the matter with you?" The boy answered, "Could I talk with you for just a moment, there is something I want to ask you, mister?" "All right, go ahead, what is it?" "Mister, be you God?" Playing God to a little boy—BE YOU GOD?

What would happen to this torn world and to the aching, breaking hearts in it everywhere, and the hungry hearts, the hungry stomachs, hungry minds, if we could all play God? What would happen to your own troubles? They would become as nothing while you played God to another.

Your Bazaar!!!



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THE BAZAAR WILL BE OFFICIALLY OPENED by Dr. Bradley, after the Book Lecture on Wednesday night, December 3rd, and will be open all day Thursday, December 4th, Thursday night, and on Friday, December 5th, from 12 o'clock noon until midnight.

DINNERS WILL BE SERVED

Thursday and Friday nights and a luncheon on Thursday, and no one will be turned away. Mrs. Kredler gives assurance there will be plenty for all at this Bazaar. Make your plans to bring your family and friends to dinner on both nights and be at the Bazaar early.

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To make

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The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

THOSE of us who are trying to help people as we go along through life, and whose work is of such a nature that people come to us for advice and help, are asked one question more frequently than any other. This is the question: "What is the right thing to do?" Here in Chicago the other day, I was having a conference with a prominent manufacturer, who wanted to talk with me about a problem. He told me of a dilemma in which he found himself, and ended his conversation with that very question: "Dr. Bradley, I don't want to make a mistake; I want to do what is right; what is the right thing to do?"

It is easy to say do right, but it isn't always easy to do it; and it isn't always easy to tell the difference between what is right and what is wrong. Well, when that man asked me the question, "What is the right thing to do," I immediately was reminded of something which one of the great voices of this continent, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, once said. He was talking about six ways to tell right from wrong, and I don't believe these six ways can be improved upon by anyone.

First, submit it to the test of common sense. Is this the common sense thing to do? That will help.

Second, give it the test of sportsmanship. Most people want to play the game of life according to the rules. Is it a sportsmanlike thing to do? You know how you react to the one who plays the game fairly and squarely and honorably, according to the rules. All right, what about you and me? Is it the sportsmanlike thing to do?

Third: In this question of right and wrong, give it the test of comparing it with your best self. How does it stack up alongside of your best self—the thing that you know, deep down inside of you is your best.

Fourth: The test of publicity. What if everybody knew? Would you do this or that? Supposing your dearest friends and your family knew all about it? Supposing it became a part of your life, for your children and their children to know. Will it stand that test?

Fifth: Think of what you are about to do in terms of the person you admire

and respect the most. Think of what they would do in the same circumstances, and what you would think of them if they did it. And here the whole beauty of hero worship comes in, and everybody has a hero, and a hero is simply what we ourselves would like to be. So, for number five, put the question, "What would my hero do?"

Sixth: The final test is, how will what I do affect the future? Sometimes I think in a way this is the most powerful and effective test of all. If every listener who is faced with the problem of what is the right or wrong thing to do, would quietly try to look into the future and say, "What will that future be like if I do this or if I don't?" I am sure it would help most of us to do the right thing.

These tests are quite simple, but I think if each one who is faced with a problem would make these tests before he decides, that many a person would do the right thing, and many a life would be helped, and many a tear would never flow and many a heart would never break, and life would indeed be beautiful.

P. B.

Special Announcement

THANKSGIVING MORNING

Thursday, November 27, 1947

11 A.M.

Community Thanksgiving Service

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence at Sheridan

(Service will close promptly at 12 o'clock)

BOOK CHATS

FIRST of all, in this Book Chat, I shall consider the one-volume abridgement made by D. C. Somervell from Arnold J. Toynbee's great six-volume work, which he calls "A Study of History." There are many evidences everywhere that thoughtful people are beginning to take a renewed interest in the study of history. I see indications every day that people who make no pretense of scholarship or to a knowledge of history are getting interested in history and historical developments. People are evidencing unprecedented interest in great and good books. Even those who have had what we speak of as a technical college or university or even high school education are beginning to realize that one of the ways in which we can understand our own time, our own nation, and what's happening in the world, is by understanding the historical processes and realizing that we are but a part of a great historical movement.

The manner in which history has sometimes been presented to students in high schools and colleges, has created the impression that it was a dull, useless study, and involved something which belonged to an unimportant and remote past. We now realize how it is all related; that every event adds significance to every other, and that every era of human history is interwoven with every other. When a person realizes this, they get a deeper appreciation of their own contemporary period and what it means to themselves and to the future. To think of history as containing isolated facts or dates is absurd. History is the most vital and in many ways the most important thing for us to consider these days, and when a book with the somewhat unappealing title of "A Study of History" can get into the best-seller lists throughout the United States, it is an encouraging sign.

Now just a word about Arnold J. Toynbee, the author of the six volumes of which this book is an abridgement. The complete set of history as outlined by Mr. Toynbee, calls for a nine-volume work. Six volumes have been written, but the work was interrupted by the war. There are three volumes yet to come, which we are told by Mr. Toynbee will not be available for several years. . . . Arnold J. Toynbee was born in London in 1889. He studied at Oxford where he received an old fashioned education in Greek and Latin classics. He spent a year as a student in the archeological school in Athens, walking all over Greece, and becoming aware of current international affairs through hearing talk in cafes about the foreign policy of Sir Edward Grey. In 1912 he returned to Oxford as a fellow and tutor, where he taught ancient history until 1915. He then entered government service, working on Turkish affairs in the political intelligence department of the foreign office and later at the Paris Peace Conference. From 1919 until 1924 he was Professor of Modern Greek and Byzantine studies at King's College, University of London, spending a year of that time traveling in Greece as a

war correspondent on the Manchester Guardian. Since 1925 Mr. Toynbee has served as Director of Studies at the Royal Institute of International Affairs. But from 1939 to last year he devoted all of his time as a Director of the Research Department of the Foreign Office. This will give you some background as to Mr. Toynbee's qualifications to deal with his subject.

On the subject of his approach to history, Mr. Toynbee says there are four keys, and here they are: "First: I see things from the point of view of an ancient historian looking at the modern western world from the outside. Second: I feel a great concern to see and express the point of view of the non-western peoples." To me, as a reviewer of this book in this chat with you, this second approach is most important and one which is most frequently neglected. We are quite familiar with the western peoples, of which group we are a part. When we use the phrase "western civilization" most of us know exactly what is meant, and we are quite familiar with the peoples and the countries included in the classification of Western Civilization, but how much do we know about the point of view of the non-western peoples? If understanding others is a basis for getting together and working together, and I believe it is, how essential this is. I am convinced that it is impossible for us to know enough about those who disagree with us, who are opposed to us who represent a different attitude toward life and a different philosophy of life. I have often thought and frequently said that if there could be a more frequent intermingling of the various peoples of the world, it would be much easier to find a common denominator upon which we could build and construct a better world and society. How much do the peoples of the various countries of the world know about each other? We hear the speeches of their diplomats and representatives and foreign ministers, but how much does the man on the street, for instance, in Moscow, know about the man on the street in Denver or Ft. Worth? To find a way to break down that barrier is to open up the door of better understanding. Those who speak officially and diplomatically for the various countries aren't doing a very good job. Every time they express themselves they seem to add to misunderstanding. If it were possible to bring one thousand Russians to the United States for an extensive period of survey and travel, and have a thousand Americans, chosen from all walks of life in our country do the same thing in Russia, it would do more for the understanding of things than speeches by a hundred Vichinsky's or conferences with a thousand Molotov's.

Well, we go on to what Mr. Toynbee calls the third approach. He says: "I believe in studying living history and interpreting past history in the light of this." Commenting on this, it is apparent that to him history isn't merely a study of something which has happened in the past; but it is familiarizing one's self with what is happening today, and then in the light of present day conditions, interpreting the influence of past events upon the life of today. No one can dispute the importance of this. Only recently, in reading over the history of the life and career of Woodrow Wilson, because I wanted to study comparatively what happened with the League of Nations and the present situation with the United Nations, I learned that at the time when John Kendrick Bangs was an editor of Harper's, I think it was, a young college professor from Princeton went into his office and said "I have written a book on history, of which I would like you to consider the

manuscript." Mr. Bangs looked at this young man, listened to him and then said, "Young man, you should not be writing about history; you should go out making history." And that's what we are doing today. Making history.

The fourth and final approach of Mr. Toynbee's is "I have gained much from being forced into active public service in two years, and thus having had a glimpse of how public business is being done and how and why state papers are written." And so, I recommend to you this one volume abridgement of Arnold J. Toynbee's monumental work, "A Study of History," knowing this book will give you a deeper appreciation of our present problems and a better understanding of what is happening.

* * *

A little book came my way early in September that has been a great experience in my life and I am going to share it with you. It is not written by a well-known author or a person who makes any claims to literary distinction, but by a business man of broad experience who has traveled much and observed life all the way along. As an essentially practical man he is interested only in ideas that work. His name, David Dunn, and the title of the book is "Try Giving Yourself Away." It is published by a comparatively new publishing house, The Updegraff Press, of Scarsdale, N. Y., who are going to specialize in books which will be helpful to individuals in living life buoyantly and victoriously. It is a book whose format satisfies the esthetic sense—beautifully printed and designed—one of the most attractive formats I have seen in a long time.

Mr. Dunn dedicates his book to every man and woman who is seeking greater happiness now. Please do not confuse this book with the usual type of so-called inspirational books. Mr. Dunn, like all busy people, some years ago started a habit, but it was a new kind of habit. He called it "Giving yourself away" and it has brought him great happiness and hosts of friends. Perhaps some of you might have been among the millions who read the brief article "Try Giving Yourself Away" in the Readers Digest. It was published there anonymously, but that great audience of readers wanted to know who this author was and wanted to hear more from him. Now in this book David Dunn goes on with the story.

He tells us in the very first chapter how he happened on his habit of "Giving himself away." He says, "Like most people I was brought up to look upon life as a process of getting. The idea of giving myself away came to me by accident. One night while lying awake in my berth on the Twentieth Century Limited, en route from Chicago to New York, I fell to wondering just where the eastbound and westbound Centuries passed each other in the night. That would make an interesting subject for one of the New York Central's advertisements, I said to myself. 'Where the Centuries Pass.' Whereupon I went to sleep. Next morning I wrote a letter to the New York Central Lines presenting the idea, 'with no strings attached.' A few days later I received a courteous letter of acknowledgement and the information that the Centuries were scheduled to pass near the little town of Atholl Springs, New York, nine miles west of Buffalo. Some months later I received a second letter informing me that my 'Where the Centuries Pass' idea was to be used as a subject for the New York Central calendar. You may recall that calendar," he says, "a night picture of the oncoming locomotive of one Century and the lighted

observation platform of the other, passing on a curve. It was a scene rich in color and railroad romance. The following summer I travelled extensively. In almost every railroad station and hotel I entered, both at home and in Europe, hung my Century calendar. It never failed to give me a glow of pleasure." It was thus I made an important discovery: that anything which makes one glow with pleasure is beyond money calculation, in this humdrum world where there is altogether too much grubbing and too little glowing.

I began to experiment with giving-away, and discovered it to be great fun. My life began to be full of exciting little adventures, and I found myself making many new friends. I discovered too that successful giving-away has to be cultivated. There is a knack to it, just as there is to successful getting. Opportunities for reaping dividends of happiness are fleeting. You have to act quickly or they elude you, but that only adds zest." And Mr. Dunn tells us that one day he woke up to the fact that he was really a collector—a collector of glows and afterglows. "It is a fascinating habit, like collecting anything else; you are always looking for new experiences in giving-away, to add to your collection. Unlike other forms of collecting, however, you need no safe or cabinet in which to keep your treasures, nor do you have to go out of your way to keep adding to your collection. You have only to look around wherever you are to discover some opportunity to give yourself away." And he recommends giving-away as an exciting and thoroughly satisfying habit; in fact, if you will give it a good try, he practically guarantees you a happier life and starting right away.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, one of the finest and most civilized minds this country has ever known, and what a pity that more people aren't picking up Emerson and reading him these days; he is not difficult, and the interesting thing about Emerson—you can open up one of his books anywhere and read a paragraph or a sentence and it will be a veritable mine of inspiration and of truth. Well, Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote once: "Rings and jewels are not gifts but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself." And Mr. Dunn tells us that almost anything in the world can be bought for money except the warm impulses of the human heart; they have to be given, and they are priceless in their power to purchase happiness for two people—the recipient and the giver.

He has had many letters from people who want to try this idea of giving themselves away, but are timid. They are afraid that their simple gifts of the heart would be laughed at. As one correspondent expressed it, "I have nothing of any importance to give to anyone." This is not true. While you may not think of what you have to offer as being of any particular value, it may fill a need in someone's life and if it does that, even for a fraction of a minute, it will add that much to the world's happiness, and happiness is one of the greatest gifts within the power of any of us to bestow, particularly in these troubled days, when the world is full of fear and suspicion and men's minds and hearts are anxious.

Mr. Dunn is very specific in his suggestions and they are very practical and sound. They are not at all theoretical or superficial. "There are a hundred ways to give a portion of yourself, but they all start from the same spot, your heart." You recall the French have a proverb, "He gives nothing who does not give himself." "A portion of thyself" will be your

stock in trade, if you want to add to the happiness of those around you and to lead a happier and more exciting life. It is the spirit, not the substance, which carries warmth. You need not worry for a second because you lack money or material things. You can give yourself extravagantly if you choose, and reap great happiness from your giving without reaching for your pocketbook. As the poet Longfellow phrased it, "Give what you have. To someone it may be better than you dare to think." You will thank me for bringing to your attention this book, "Try Giving Yourself Away," by David Dunn. If we would all *try to give,* as much as most of us are trying *to get,* ah! what a different world it would soon be.

* * *

Surely no one who reads these Book Chats ever thought that I would review the kind of book which I am now going to tell you about. It's a sort of a sublimated cookbook, and do not let that sentence inspire you to put this magazine down because if you will read this chat through you will agree that it is one of the most interesting books that has been published in a long time. The book is entitled "Pot Shots from a Grosse Ile Kitchen," and is written by Lucy and Sidney Corbett, names you never heard of in connection with books before, for this is the first book they have written.

Now who are Lucy and Sidney Corbett and what do they mean by "Pot Shots from a Grosse Ile Kitchen?" Sidney Corbett, after serving in World War I, became an executive of General Motors in Detroit, Michigan, and then, fourteen years ago, paralysis struck and Sidney went to the hospital to stay for five long years. Lucy was fortunate in that she had studied French in Paris and could now take a position as a teacher in the Detroit schools. Not only did she know French, but she had also taken a nurse's course, and when Sid came out of the hospital she took full charge of the case. He came out, but in a wheel chair, for he will never walk again. He and this remarkable wife went right to work rebuilding that life and getting fun out of it, and Sid took to writing for a livelihood. His articles, complete with Lucy's recipes, became one of the most popular features of the Detroit News.

They both remember the Detroit of their youth; perhaps this had something to do with my interest in the book and in them, for Detroit was the big city of my own youth and I have watched it grow and develop all through the years. Now Detroit has grown way beyond all recognition of those days. Down the beautiful Detroit River, twenty miles below the city, is the island called "Grosse Ile." On this picturesque and lovely island they found an old house more than one hundred years old, with a spiral staircase that winds its way back into the middle of the last century; a house that looks out on a busy river that flows peacefully between the United States and Canada. In this house is a huge old kitchen, and this is Sid's domain. He sits like a Captain on the quarterdeck, while Lucy plays culinary symphonies not on one stove, but on three. Lucy's task is not made simpler by the fact that the back door of the kitchen swings out to many visitors, and they range from a retired Admiral to a local sportsman, who call to do justice to Lucy's culinary art and to enjoy good talk with Sid. I know of no other column quite like their column in the Detroit News. It contains the recipes which have made Lucy famous in Detroit, and far beyond, and Sid's always interesting observations on many diverse subjects. It's a rare column — a combination column —

something distinct and original; so much so that the women readers of the Detroit News insisted that it be brought out as a book, so that they could keep permanently not only what Lucy had to say about cooking, but the comments and little philosophical thoughts that were presented by Sid; and here these two people live and work and write and find life good.

This book is about fun, friends and food. This man, Sid Corbett, had been a nationwide steam engine of energy; he went by plane and train, from district to district all over the United States, and then suddenly found himself restricted to one house and the first floor rooms to which his wife could wheel him, but as Mr. H. C. L. Jackson, who wrote the preface, says: "A physical handicap can shackle a man to a wheel chair, but it can't bottle up a mind; a mind trained not only in merchandising, but in the brighter things of life." He wrote two popular books for youngsters and a series of short stories and radio scripts. In the first World War he served both in the Navy and the Army and became fundamentally interested in the philosophy of the importance of what might be called by business men the unimportant; and second, the sheer fun of food and the concoction of meals, and the lift that comes from proper application.

The book is filled with interesting stories about his son and daughter, his philosophy of everyday people and everyday things, based upon his experiences when he was an active executive and travelling about the nation; and the lives of his belten setter and Daniel Boone, his cat. Here they live, with Charles Bruce, his good Scotch friend, without whom he couldn't carry on; and the book is full of other island characters, past and present, as ornery and delightful as only native islanders can be; and of Judy, the springer spaniel, and her constant slave, Blue, the belten setter; of Beagle Dog, who came to them as an adorable stray, dumped from an automobile one bitter winter day, during the war years when rations grew tight; of Daniel Boone, the cat, scourge of Grosse Ile, and lastly of his son, the Little Guy.

The book is the kind of book for a bedside stand, when, after the day is over, and the worries and the anxieties and activities have all been lived through, one can pick the book up, and the first thing you know the things which disturbed you greatly during the day, or the problems which you have to face tomorrow pass into a hazy background and you realize that life is good, rest is sweet, and it all may be better on the morrow. As Sid sits there in his wheel chair in the big kitchen, talking with his helpmate, companion and devoted wife, they have thoughts about their grown daughter, Katy, now in New York; of their son Brick, back from the air force and working his way through college; and then they work out together another column, and I hope—another book.

It's a book about life and philosophy and food; a book about the way a world can be re-made; a book about a writer and his wife, who had the stilts kicked out from under them in the odd thirties and went on. Those who know them best, as does H. C. L. Jackson, say, that their brave way of facing things in that three-stove kitchen, is a way we all need to take; and sometimes I think if we could all find our way back to the simple things, to the kindly things, we would all be less affected by the raucous voices of this world, the ambitions of nations, the rivalries of men, and we would learn one of the oldest truths: that "a man's life consisteth not in the

abundance of things he possesseth." And this column which Lucy and Sid Corbett wrote, became one of the most widely read in any metropolitan newspaper, by all classes of people. Right alongside of sound advice like this: "Never have more than two layers of oysters in an oyster pie; the middle layer won't cook; and don't sneer at pickerel roe, or the roe of any of our larger Great Lakes fish. They're just as good as shad roe," will be found a little simple sentence on living life beautifully and adequately. And now we have the best of the columns in this book, "Pot Shots from a Grosse Ile Kitchen," published by Harpers; and Lucy has a fine recipe index, too, in the book, which makes it easy to turn to any page. You will thank me, I know you will, for calling your attention to this book. P. B.

WHAT CHANNING SAW IN JESUS

"Christ's religion is very imperfect without himself; and therefore they who would make an abstract of his precepts, and say that it is enough to follow these without thinking of their author, grievously mistake and rob the system of much of its energy. I mean not to disparage the precepts of Christ, considered in themselves. But their full power is only to be understood and felt by those who place themselves near the Divine Teacher, who see the celestial fervor of his affection whilst he utters them, who follow his steps from Bethlehem to Calvary, and witness the expression of his precepts in his own life. These come to me almost as new precepts when I associate them with Jesus. His command to love my enemies becomes intelligible and bright when I stand by his cross and hear his prayer for his murderers. I understand what he meant by the self-denial which he taught when I see him foregoing the comforts of life, and laying down life itself for the good of others. The command to love God with all my heart, if only written, might have led me into extravagance, enthusiasm, and neglect of common duties—for religious excitement has a peculiar tendency to excess—but in Jesus I see a devotion to God, entire, perfect, never remitted, yet without the least appearance of passion, as calm and self-possessed as the love which a good mind bears to a parent; and in him I am taught, as words could not teach, how to join supreme regard to my Creator with active charity and common duties towards my fellow-beings."

William Ellery Channing.

(From "Love to Christ" Channing's Works, I Vol. ed., p. 323.)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

WHAT a remarkable autumn we have had, and still not autumn at all, but a continuation of summer! We have been home from the North Woods over five weeks now, and have had sunshine day after day, with high temperature and no rain. I have never known such a wonderful October. However, it is quite demoralizing as to fall and winter planning, for with such exceedingly warm weather one cannot rid himself of the idea it is still summer!

We have just had an enjoyable visit with our friends, the Nelson's, of Virginia, Minnesota, who have been our guests the past few days, and before coming down here they visited our island home so that they could bring us news of everything there. My garden they say is still in bloom and looked beautiful. Certainly seems the seasons are changing, with freezing and snow in May and June, and excessive heat in September and October. The poets and "romancers" will have to change their tunes! "May Queens" and "Blossom Time" along with "Maud Muller" and June roses will probably go to their eternal rest, and pumpkins be picked without frost upon them and lush grapes and red-cheeked apples will be less "lush" and have less flavor! I don't know anything that can be done about it; do you? Nothing but to hold our memories and perhaps speak of 'way back when—June was exquisitely June—and autumn a tapestry of color, with clear frosty air, when the "hunter's moon" was high! So, I guess that's that!

I said in my chat with you last month that I would tell you in the next Liberalist about the dinner in Tower given in honor of Dr. Bradley, and I am going to do so now. One afternoon the principal of the Tower school and his wife came in their boat to call upon us, and invited us to a dinner to be given by the Veterans' organization and citizens of Tower, on the 23rd of August. Dr. Bradley did not realize the dinner was really being given for him, but I was in on the secret. The affair was given in the Vets' Club House and a large number had gathered there when we arrived. Nearly two hundred sat down at the tables, which were beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens, ferns and candles in birchbark holders. At each place were little baskets of mints, and the program written on paper resembling birch bark, with Doctor's name and the date.

At the speakers' table, where we sat, was a center piece (arranged on a mirror) surrounded by ground pine, to resemble the lake and a little island with trees and a house on it, docks and boats, etc., in one of them a man fishing (presumably Dr. Bradley). It was all very pretty and showed thoughtful planning.

We were glad to see the smiling faces of many friends we have made through the years (Many more reservations had been made, but due to the extreme heat some felt they couldn't come, it being the hottest night of the entire "hot wave!"). The chicken dinner was ex-

cellent from beginning to end.

Mr. Herman Olson made the first address, expressing appreciation of the citizens of Tower for Dr. Bradley as a man, a neighbor and a friend, and gratitude for all he has done for Tower, Lake Vermilion and vicinity in the thirty years of our residence there. Others followed with such kind and friendly tribute, Dr. Bradley and I were deeply touched by them all.

Before the speakers of the evening were introduced, Tower folks were given the treat of hearing Reynold Leiva, concert violinist, who was spending some time with us at the island. He played several numbers, accompanied by Miss Barbara Nelson, and those present showed by their rapt attention and applause their sincere appreciation of the artist.

Before the close of the evening Dr. Bradley arose to his feet and very feelingly spoke of our love of the North Woods, of our island home on Lake Vermilion, where we live four months of the summer, of establishing the library for Tower because he loves Tower and its people. He spoke reminiscently of those friends of yesteryear who are no longer with us, and bringing his remarks to the present hour thanked the people for the honor they had paid him, and for their friendship and many kindnesses. He said the way to have friends is to be one—and he hoped they all looked upon him as a friend, as truly as they were proving to be his friends, etc., etc. At the close he was presented with a very handsome large traveling bag as a concrete expression of the esteem and effection in which he is held by his friends of Tower.

Dr. Bradley was speechless with surprise at this splendid gift—and he was delighted! We returned home to the island quite late that warm, star-bright night, feeling very humble and very rich with all the outpouring of affection and tribute given us. And we were grateful!

Now we must give our attention to the Mail Bag. First, I find an interesting letter from Mena, Arkansas. The writer must be a very fine woman. Read what she says: "Dear Dr. Bradley: Your remarks today fitted in exactly with my line of thought. I was very glad to hear the idea presented about the delicate sensitiveness of the child and the importance of parents having this knowledge. I was glad to hear your reference to Burbank, the plant specialist, and his comparison of the child to plant life.

"I am a child specialist, though not known professionally as such. I am known principally as a mother. The work done with my own children has been noted, and people consider it a matter of special talent, but they do not understand. My children are all three grown and married, my husband has passed away, and now my time is my own. I am sixty-five, but people judge me to be younger because of my agility; (shall I say) mental flexibility reacts likewise in the physical.

"I am very conscious of the BIGNESS of LITTLE THINGS, thus finding significance in the apparently casual incidents. You can see why I was pleased at your remarks this morning.

"Now that my intimate work within my family is finished, I want to make my experience count for the maximum of usefulness. I live in a small town but I have endeavored to not let its smallness interfere with my normal growth. A person need not be hampered by the physical limitation of his environment. It has really been a challenge and I accepted the challenge. In fact, I often say, 'Life is a jigsaw puzzle; the pieces are all there if you can put them together so as to make a perfect picture.'

"I am busy in a quiet way, taking individuals as they come to me for help in one way or another—especially through the medium of music—showing them that they are not devoid of talent, as they had thought. Helping people discover their own powers is a most satisfying occupation.

"I have not been hearing your program lately because of being away from home. I am now enjoying my own sanctuary again, and the companionship of my radio friends. Sincerely, Mrs. Stewart M. Dodd."

* * *

From Hollywood, a lady who several years ago lived in Chicago, wrote to Dr. Bradley:

"My dear Dr. Bradley: Probably you will have to think quite awhile before you remember who I am. I should have written you before, and should have gone up and shaken hands with you the times I attended your church while I was in Chicago. But, we just don't do all the things we should do, it seems, but I'm glad my thoughts go soaring once in a while back to a person who myself and family think of as a real friend. We have not done much to show you our appreciation, but I do tell everyone I come in contact with who has heard you over the air and also in your pulpit, that you are one who really lives what you preach.

"At the present time I am companion to the loveliest little woman of ninety years here in Hollywood. She is one of the sweetest and most lovable characters I have ever known. We listen together to your broadcasts, and when I told her I knew you personally she said 'What a privilege to know a wonderful man like that.' She sits in her rocking chair and when you begin to speak she gets as close to the radio as she possibly can, and remarks for quite awhile about what you say, after the program is over. This home is just full of beauty in spiritual environment, and I am so happy with her. Sometime I would be glad to have you make just a little talk about these beautiful elderly ladies who have lived consecrated lives and are called old fashioned. She is a Methodist and the other day when I was discussing my own views on religion, I said I was very much interested in Christian Science. She said, 'Well, I know that what I have learned about Christian Science has made me a better Methodist.' Isn't it true. But now, I must close, and hope you remember me as you read along.

"Best wishes for your success. Your talks just make our burdens lighter. Cordially yours, Elsa M. Morrow."

* * *

Mrs. Annette Victorin is a well known Illinois writer, being a member of the Illinois Woman's Press Association. She is a loyal radio listener to Dr. Bradley, and a few days ago wrote him the following letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Just a wee line to say 'hello,' as I promised you I would. We all keep enjoying your talks over station WGN and on WJJD each Sunday morning.

"Your sermon this morning on 'Giving Yourself Away' was one of the most timely, beautiful and moving I've heard in a long time. I know the seeds of thought you planted in the hearts of your listeners will sprout into lovely flowers—for people are kind and all they often need to evaluate their values anew and ignite some wonderful deeds, is a little verbal prodding from a source they respect.

"Just so you'd know what I've been doing, I'm mailing you a bit of my work under separate cover. Hope you like the little skit in Woman's Day, although it was deleted to a shred of itself (I wrote it 2½ years ago for this magazine).

"Do call on me if there is anything I can do to help at any time! How can mere words tell you what strength you always give me? Just the sound of your voice does it! Keep up the wonderful work and 'Happy Landings always!' Sincerely yours, Annette Victorin."

* * *

Here is a sweet letter, and with this we will close the Mail Bag:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I was pleased to hear your praise of Dr. Frank Gunsaulus. He comes to my mind so often, for I heard him first when I was but sixteen years old. And his greatness—his drama—the poetry and strength of his personality and his vision impressed me so; and young as I was. Two years later, our high school graduating class was privileged to have him as our speaker. But it is not as deplorable as you think that our modern young people have not heard of him (as a person). Dr. Frank Gunsaulus was a fleeting image across the 'television set of the radio of time.' But what he *did*—what he *stood for* is here. And what we do and leave behind is more important than our name.

"When my son graduated from Wheaton (Ills.) High School in 1946, the speaker asked the class how many had heard of Carrie Jacobs Bond. Only my son held up his hand. When the speaker said, 'How many have heard two lovely songs—"Perfect Day" and "I Love You Truly", many hands went up.

"Quin Ryan is conducting an interesting series of stories of worthwhile people and their lives and their contributions to the welfare of humanity.

"We as a family are especially interested in Carrie Jacobs Bond, as we are 'natives' of Janesville, Wisconsin, and we lived within sight of the little house where she wrote 'I Love You Truly.' Now an oil station stands there, but a stone commemorates the spot. And Mrs. Bond was nursemaid to my son's father. She was Smith then; hence the reason for my son's knowing of her.

"Thank you for the fine sermon. It somehow got me to trying to recall that noble poem ('The Choir Invisible') by Charles Elliott in which she says 'of those immortal dead who live again in lives made better by their presence.' Even though the name may be forgotten, the music and wonder of their lives goes on and on into the stream of the life of all. Sincerely, Lucile Ford."

* * *

Be sure to keep the letters coming. We do appreciate them.

AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

36th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast) 2,000 seats available. Opening service Sunday, November 2nd..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, Anderson Hall.... 9:30 a.m.
Annual Family Dinner sponsored by the Church School will be held Friday evening, November 17th, in Anderson Hall. Dr. Bradley will be Guest Speaker..... 7:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSAL, Walter Flandorf, Organist and Director, every Friday (Auditions 7:30), Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting in Anderson Hall), Monday, November 10th, Mrs. Coleman Hewitt, pianist, and Mrs. Herman N. Hauschild, soprano (Veterans Hospital Program). Mrs. S. J. Brickley, Chairman, Mrs. L. E. McCloy, Hostess..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, November 24th, Reciprocity Day. Guest Speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley. Book Review—"Jean Valjean." Guest artist, Zenon Tuczynski, Pianist. Mrs. Earl E. Clark, Chairman; Mrs. E. M. Berger and Mrs. W. E. Hughes, Hostesses..... 1:00 p.m.

Wednesday, November 26th, Rummage Sale at 2825 Lincoln Ave. Miss Ethel Fowler, Chairman.....8:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting in Anderson Hall)—Monday, November 3rd, an evening of "BINGO." The Misses Ruth Kruskopf and Dollie Kolberg, Chairmen. The public is welcome. Men and women invited. Refreshments..... 8:00 p.m.

Monday, November 10th, Howard Bradley Smith, Author, Lecturer and Humorist, in "It's Easy to Remember." Author of "Developing Your Executive Ability." Meeting open to men and women. Guest fee 35c to non-members..... 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, November 25th, Bazaar Donation Night. Mrs. L. E. McCloy, Chairman, Mrs. Alice Pearson, Co-Chairman. Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, Program Chairman, will present Garen Bohlin in "How To Be Attractive at Any Age." A Bazaar Benefit Lecture. Admission, a gift to the Bazaar..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB (Meeting in Anderson Hall)—Monday, November 24th, will be Sports Night at the Men's Club. Talking movies of the Championship Games of the Major Baseball Leagues; also Highlights of the Bears football games, with a Sports Writer from one of Chicago's leading newspapers as Commentator on the Pictures. Refreshments.... 8:00 p.m.

USHER'S CLUB—Meets first Tuesday of each month, in Anderson Hall. Tuesday, November 4th, Card Party and Social for members of the Club, their families and friends..... 8:00 p.m.
Frank J. Mason, Sec., 4935 Broadway (40), Edg. 3519.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB—Meets with Professional and Business Woman's Club, November 3rd, 10th and 25th..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM of the Church School, George Young, Secretary, 2426 Berwyn Ave. 2nd Monday of each month. November 10th, meeting with Professional and Business Woman's Club—Howard Bradley Smith program..... 8:00 p.m.

CHANNING CLUB—Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Anderson Hall. Joan Pink, Corr. Sec., 4608 Hazel Ave., Ard. 1482..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187—Meets every Thursday evening, Anderson Hall, Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26) Rog. 5742, 7:30 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St. (Temporary 'Phone Sup. 0909). Plays presented in Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. Eleventh Street. For complete schedule see page 23.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday morning, direct from Church Auditorium....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

WGN—Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

Productions in
Eleventh Street Theatre
62 East Eleventh Street

Studios
1149 N. LaSalle Street
Temporary Phone Sup. 0909

PRESENTING

"THE LATE GEORGE APLEY"

by John P. Marquand and George Kaufman

directed by

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29

Eleventh Street Theatre — 62 E. Eleventh St.

CURTAIN 8:30

NOVEMBER DRAMA TEA

Sunday, November 2nd

"THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS"

by Sir James Barrie

directed by Jane Lillie

Guest artist, MAY BARRON

of the Chicago Civic Opera Company

Anderson Hall — The Peoples Church

Lawrence at Sheridan Road

4:00 p.m.

J. Bradley-Griffin, distinguished director and coach, announces that he is accepting a limited number of private pupils in his studio, 1149 N. LaSalle St.

Roberta Slagle is conducting children's and junior classes on Saturdays at the same address.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATE

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